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at length the Park became known, even at an early period, by no other appellation. The spring or well so called, still exists. It is situated in a glen, beside the lower lake, near the grand entrance into the Viceregal Lodge, and has been much frequented from time immemorial for the supposed salubrity of its waters. It is a strong chalybeate. It remained, however, in a rude and exposed state till the year 1800, when, in consequence of some supposed cures it had effected, it immediately acquired celebrity, and was much frequented. About five years after it was enclosed, and is now among the romantic objects of the Park. It is approached by a gradual descent through a planted avenue. The spa is covered by a small structure of Portland stone, on which sits a colossal eagle, as the emblem of longevity. This appropriate ornament was erected by Lord Whitworth. Behind the spring, under the brow of the hill, is a rustic dome, with seats round it for the accommodation of those who frequent the spa; in the back of which is an entablature with the following inscription:—

This seat,  
Given by her Grace,  
CHARLOTTE, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND,  
For the Health and Comfort  
Of the Inhabitants  
Of Dublin. — August 19, 1813.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Whitworth used this spa with much benefit, and their example has been followed by the citizens of Dublin.

The powder magazine was erected in 1758. It is a regular square fort, with demi-bastions at the angles, a dry ditch, and draw bridge; in the centre are the magazines for ammunition, well secured against accidental fire, and bomb proof, in evidence of which no casualty has happened since their construction. The fort occupies two acres and thirty-three perches of ground, and is fortified by ten twenty-four pounders; as a further security, and to contain barracks for troops, which before were drawn from Chapelizod, an additional triangular work was constructed in 1801.

At no great distance from the battery, stands the Hibernian School, a drawing of which we shall probably give in some future number with a particular description.

#### PAUL GUINAN; OR THE ASH POLE.

While putting over me one of those silent circuits which, it would appear, fate has ordained that all young barristers, be they good or bad, must perform, like a quarantine, before they can hope to set foot on that "terra grata," *practice*—I was deeply grieved when, sitting in the court of my native county, I heard the name of Paul Guinan called to the bar; and on his countenance, so well known to me in boyish days, appearing above that dreadful locality, listened to the arraignment, charging him with no less a crime than murder. The usual plea of not guilty—with which, from my former opinion of the man, I heartily concurred—being put in, the trial proceeded; and then circumstances were brought to light, so confirmatory of the charge, that even I could not entertain a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner—nor did the jury: and in a few moments every eye was turned on him—a being, living and moving, yet having no heritage in life, or link with living thing—within the confines of the certain grasp of death, and yet possessed of every healthful faculty that would seem to ensure to another a lengthened existence. He stood between the living and the dead—part of both, and all of neither. On my return home, in about three weeks after, with my curiosity and feelings on the subject still fresh, I made some inquiries regarding the steps by which a man of such unblemished and amiable character which Guinan at one time really possessed, could have reached such a height in crime; and was answered by details, serving well to illustrate the position, that most, if not all, of our temporal ills spring from some trifling aberration in the beginning, and that, perhaps, rather springing from carelessness and confidence, than actual depravity.

The father of Paul Guinan was a comfortable farmer, and had struggled long and well to live independent of his neighbours, and ultimately leave his only child, at least, not an outcast; but was called away before he could achieve that purpose, and while Paul was little better than a mere

boy, leaving him and his widow with little more than a roof to cover them and an honest name. Paul, like the generality of our countrymen, was eminently possessed of a warm and sensitive heart; and when his dying father, after the last offices of religion, caught his hand, and endeavoured to say, "Paul, avick machree, don't be frettin', but whin I'm gone look to your poor mother, an' strive to keep the wind off her back. I'm lavin' ye poor, God help ye, an' look over ye; but, Paul avick, struggle honestly, an' ye'll have a blessin'," the heart of the poor boy rose to his throat in a convulsive sob; and he resolved within himself never to do any thing without first thinking, if his father was by, what would he think of it. With a pride, unjustifiable except by custom, a great portion of the scanty resources were lavished in the usual manner of paying an empty honour to the dead, at the expense of the already bereaved family: and poor Paul had, within the next year, many an opportunity of practising his promised reference to his dead father; but, according to the widow's account, "the great God, that took away the right hand, spared the left for her, an' made it a'most as strong; and shure, why should she fret, while she had such a bird as Paul in the nest, might heaven be his watch for ever an' ever;" and, indeed, if every body's word is to be believed, he in every respect deserved the encomium. As time passed on, however, the enthusiasm which had so long kept him uncontaminated began to yield to its influence, and ill-will at length found something to talk of even in Paul, on the score of company keeping, and that not of the most select description for a boy in his situation, it being, as the fool of the parish expressed it, "plaguey hard intirely, to dance all night, an' dhrink all day, an' make out a day's work after."

The second winter after old Guinan's death, Paul was stretched along some stools by the fire-side nursing a fit of laziness, and occasionally breaking to pieces, with a stick he held in his hand, every piece of coal within his reach, until having scattered one farther than the rest, some of it fell among a heap of tow, which his mother was silently, and no doubt sorrowfully, carding opposite him; the exertion of quenching the inflammable material, and sweeping in the fire, roused both from their silence, which was first broken by the old woman observing,

"Why then, Paul, what's come over ye, and you havin' yer brogues to mend, an' twenty things to do?"

"Augh, mother, I dunna—shure I can mend them to-morrow."

"Tom Maher came home from the town to-day, an' he says the wheat got a rise of two or three shillings; maybe, if ye don't make haste an' thrash it, 'twill fall before ye're ready."

"Well, mother, sorra a bit o' me, but I'll set about it to-morrow."

"But the *boulteen* of your flail is broken, so git up an' thry an' mend it."

"Och, ay, shure enough; but where 'ud I get a new one this time o' night. Well, mother, I'm blest, but if you give me six-pence, I'll go wid the day-dawn over to the wood an' buy an ash-pole, an' then I'll have the makins of all I want, the spade-handle, an' scythe-stick, an' boulteen; an' shure, any how, to-morrow 'ud be Saturday."

The six-pence was accordingly got, and the poor woman, rejoiced at having thus wakened him out of a lethargy with which she had been some time combating, recommended retirement for the night, which was at once acceded to by Paul.

Next morning the birds were scarce stirring before Paul; and with his mind full of good resolutions, he set forward on his journey, calculating, as he went on, how much he might spend next market-day on the strength of the rise in his wheat; and at length determining, as many do without being a whit the richer for it, that all should be laid by for the rainy day. The journey was soon over, but Paul had to rest himself; and sitting down on the ditch by the roadside, he began watching the woodcutters, until a voice from the road recalled him to his senses. It proceeded from a low, light, merry-looking man, dressed in a frieze *colanore*, who, with an air of half recognition, bade him good-morrow.

"Good-morrow kindly," answered Paul. "I'm thinkin'

now that I ought to know you, though I can't tell where I saw you."

"Why, thin," said the stranger, "don't you recollect Maurya Brien's wedding, up in the glins beyant?"

"Avick machree, to be shure I do," replied Paul, springing off the ditch, and grasping the stranger's hand with apparent delight; "an' is it yerself that's in it?—Think o' me not to know you; but sweepins to the step farther you'll go, until you take something to keep the chill of the mornin' off o' you;" and Paul, accordingly, with six-pence in his pocket, hurried him off to the adjacent shebeen. His companion was one of those waggish, idle, good humoured, young fellows, that we meet with in every walk of life, ever driven, by improvidence, to shifts not always the most honourable or honest. Paul had met him at a wedding, where he was the wit of the night, and almost divided with the bridegroom the honour of being the "lion;" and a recognition from such a character seemed to poor simple Paul, too desirable not to be improved.

Arrived at the whiskey house, Paul was not quite divested of anxiety with regard to his funds; but pride came to his aid, and he called for his half pint with as great an air as if he had a pocket full of shillings.

"An' what brought you down this way, avick?" asked Paul, after the first inquiries and conversation regarding the night they had spent together.

"Deed thin, I come down on a visit to an uncle I have a couple o' miles from this. Maybe you know the Coghlan—a fine set o' boys they are. Sure you do, for I hard them talk of you. Bud, any how, we're to have great fun to-morrow, for half the country's to be out plunging the river that runs abye the bawn—it's alive with fish I'm tould—an' I kem down for my share, to be shure."

"Sorra bit, bud I b'lieve I'll go over, too," said Paul; "it's not far from our house."

"Why thin," replied the stranger, "it's mighty glad we'll be to see you: but finish your glass, man, there's more in the jug."

Poor Paul did as he was desired, and the half-pint was soon drank; and Paul, elated and confused, insisted on calling for another, which followed the fate of its predecessor in rapid time. Paul had never used so much whiskey at any time before, and his situation may easily be imagined, as, after paying his six-pence, he staggered with his worthless companion to the road, uttering and receiving many protestations of unalterable regard. The helpless condition in which the stranger found his entertainer after their sitting, seemed in some small degree to puzzle him; but at length, having with some difficulty got him again to the wood, and placed him at full length on a well shaded bank, he left him there, essaying to utter the tune-ful breathings of some village minstrel in praise of "whiskey the jewel, mawrone," until sleep at length induced in his mind that utter chaos which drunkenness had but half effected.

The evening sun was glancing through the trees, and at times, intercepted by the waving of the branches, played wantonly on the face of the sleeper before he aroused himself. When he at length arrived at the consciousness of being awake, he stared around him, half-sober, half-stupid, and puzzled beyond all comprehension, began to soliloquize—

"Why, thin, where am I—or what put me here? Jim! Jim Doyle!—the sorra a one at all near me. Och, maybe, thin, it's dhramin' I was. Murdher, shure I'm not dhruunk."

But the moment he rose from his couch, the sudden return of his body to its full length position, answered the question for him beyond the power of contradiction. Having made a second attempt, with less haste and self-confidence, he regained his erect stature with better success; and made his way by the branches, with many aberrations from the straight path, to where he heard the ripple of a shaded stream, the coolness of which promised some relief to his parched and scalded throat. After refreshing himself, and enjoying the sober effects of the water, he sat for some time on the bank, with his aching head leaning on both his hands, regretting his freak as bitterly as the confusion of his mind permitted him. According as his senses returned, however, the less im-

mediate consequences of his misconduct began to present themselves; and foremost among them was the reflection of how he had put it beyond his power to effect that for which he had lost his day, and pledged himself so firmly to his mother. He raised his head to consider what he should do in this emergency, preferable to appearing a culprit before her. Opposite the bank where he had fixed himself, was a portion of the wood where the workmen had been employed before the setting sun had warned them to their homes, and the quantities of cut timber which lay sorted before him, had not a single watch on them. He listened—there was not a sound in the whole wood but the hushing ripple of the river, and the cawing of the rooks settling themselves in their nests, and some, stripped of their homes, loudly complaining of the ruin which had been effected in their colony since morning; but his ear could not catch the slightest noise which he could assimilate to the stroke of the hatchet, or the voice of the woodman. His mind, giddy with drunkenness, grasped at the refuge that appeared to deliver him from the dilemma which awakened his remorse; and long before reason had weighed the impulse of volition, or balanced between theft and the blame which by theft he could avoid, he was trotting across the fields with such a pole as he wanted thrown across his shoulder. His first theft—his first real robbery—was committed. The rapidity with which he moved soon brought him to his own door; and having to pass the window of the kitchen, he looked in, and saw his mother sitting by the fireside in an attitude of uneasy expectation. The potatoes were keeping warm before the comfortable hearth, that blazed so as to illuminate with a deceitful brightness the farthest corner of the room. All was ready for him, and all seemed happy. Then, almost for the first time, it struck him that he was about bringing guilt, and perhaps infamy, to that quiet home—to plant a pain in that mother's bosom, which he knew years of contrition on his part could not remove. The thought staggered him: he stood irresolute at the door, fearful to enter, and yet unwilling to return and restore his stolen goods; until at length, vowing within himself that on the morrow, after mass, he would disclose all to the priest, and send the price of the pole by him to the owner, he was enabled to lift the latch, and meet his mother's eye with some complacency.

"Why thin, Paul," said she, on his entering, "isn't this quare thratement, now, I lave it to yourself, when you might be at home easily at twelve o'clock, an' it's dark night now."

"Och, mother," answered he, "I dunna what kept me—one thing or another; an' I met Jim Doyle, a man from the glins beyant, an'—an'—Arrah, mother, would you want a body to come an' go, just as if 'twas a coal o' fire or the time o' day they wanted?"

"Well, sit down, any how, you unlucky omedhawn you, an' eat your supper. That's a good pole, avick, did you get it for the six-pence. Jim Doyle, an' Jim this, an' Jim that, is your excuse always when you stay beyant your time, an' that's often enough, I'm sure. God betune you an' harm, but I'm afear'd they'll bring you into mischief yit."

The supper was soon set aside, for Paul was not in much humour for eating, though he had been fasting all the day, for his head was aching, and his heart heavy, in spite of the compromise he had made with his conscience; but pleading weariness, he was soon laid on his bed, and buried in sleep, but not the quiet sleep of his other days. It was, in fact, sufficiently restless to awake the fears of his anxious mother, as she bent over him in silent sadness before she sought her own rest, and sprinkled holy water on his pillow, consigning him to the guardianship of the "blessed Vargin."

The sun was not many minutes over the horizon in the morning, before he sent a few rays as messengers through the little window of the sleeping-room, to rouse Paul from his slumbers. First after he awoke came the sickening feel of something wrong; and then the full consciousness of guilt; and then the false, delusive feeling that he was about to make restitution, and win as much of Heaven's forgiveness and his own as he could. He lay for a long time, considering how he should open the mat-

ter to his reverence—so long, in fact, that he cooled on it. How could he lose the plunging party? He might make his peace any day; but meet such pleasure he might never again—or if he did, he would not have a pole so apropos. He wavered between pleasure and what he considered duty; and few who have ever done so, will feel any doubt as to which had the victory, or be surprised at the conversation which occurred between him and his mother that morning after their breakfast.

"Paul, avick, if ye see your aunt Judy at the chapel to-day, be sure to ax afther Thady, for I had mighty onaisy dhramas about them last night; an' 'deed, I think you might rub out a head or two on the wheat, an' bring it for a sample, an' see what the jobbers 'ud be givin' you for it. You might have it ready afore Sathurday wid a little help. I have my misgivins but it'll fall again if we don't make haste. Stir, stir, avick, or you'll lose mass—your shirt is on the bed within."

"I b'lieve I'm not goin' to mass to-day, mother."

"Why then, why wouldn't you? or what laziness is come over you? Arrah, Paul aroon, maybe it's sick you are, you warn't aisy at all last night? so go an' lie down an the bed, an' I'll make a dhrop o' whey for you."

"Musha," said Paul, "I never was better in my life: but it's what I said, I'd go look at a plungin' beyant at the big river to-day; an', mother, aroon, I never was at one afore, so you mustn't say agin me."

"Is it of a Sunday, an' to lose mass for it? Oh, Paul, Paul, it's a bad thing to be at sich work at all at all on sich a day—but worse an' worse if a body is to lose mass by id. But, Paul, you'll take your own way, so you will, in spite of me, an' I wash my hands out of it. So if you're goin', go, an' God pity you, you poor blind ome-dhawn!"

Paul was not without some compunctions as to the course he was about pursuing. Twice or three times he was on the point of obeying his mother's advice, and not going to the plunging; but pride stood between him and his better judgment, so shouldering his pole, and bidding a sulky good-bye to his mother, he proceeded to the rendezvous. Arrived there, whatever regrets or remorse had seized him during his walk, were soon dissipated by the exhilarating nature of the sports in which he soon became actively engaged. A large, long net was procured, and within the mouth, so as to keep it quite open, was fixed a bow of the necessary span; across this a large pole was fixed, like an arrow, fastened securely, and forked at the lower extremity, thus forming, as it were, a handle to the net, and admitting of being driven firm into the bed of the river. A fit spot was soon chosen, and the net fixed, with its arched mouth reaching from bank to bank, and intercepting within its meshes every thing borne down by the current. Sixty or eighty yards above this, the plungers, each armed with a long pole, having on the end a mallet-head or some such expedient, commenced their operations, by driving the extremities of their poles into all the recesses of the banks, and creating such a turmoil in the water, as to drive before them to the net whatever fish were at all in the interval; and immediately on their arriving at the net, it was at once drawn up, so that not one could escape. The net being then emptied of its prey, was borne down the river another space, and the same operation performed, until they reached the spot where they had determined to be contented. The number of accidents, none of them dangerous, and all enlivening to the spectators, precluded all thought; and the raising of the net, in itself an adventure as often as it was repeated, gave such an intoxicating interest to the scene, as none can imagine but those who have at some time joined in this illegal, but speedy, mode of emptying the richest river of its finny treasures. On their breaking up the sport, a division was made of the spoils, and Paul proceeded homeward with his share and his pole, each earned with an equal portion of remorse; for on his journey homewards, cold and weary, his naturally good heart began to tax him wildly for his errors of that day and the day before: and the stubborn heart was quite softened within him by the time he reached his own door. It is needless to dwell on this part of his story. The dissipation of one day, and the wet, chilly labours of another, in

spite of all its excitement, did for him, as they have done for many a man. He did not rise the next day—nor the next—nor that week—nor the week after. A low fever was in his bones, and kept him on his bed senseless and helpless for many days; and his mother watched over him with the same care and fondness as if he had never erred, or she never warned him of his erring. Sickness is not the cheapest mode of life, and the poor widow, after having experienced that already, had now to feel it again under even less favourable circumstances. But all was well, in her mind, when she had him on her floor again, conscious of his errors, and desirous to amend them: but there still was a thunder-cloud to burst over her, for which she had been able to make no preparation. Arrears to a large amount had necessarily accrued on her little farm, and they were demanded by the agent at a most unfavourable time for her—the first day on which Paul was enabled to stir out. She pleaded her misfortunes, and asked a little time; but was answered by the remark, that she did not avail herself of time or high prices when she had both, and now that corn was down it was hardly to be supposed she would be wiser. A compromise was effected, and a few pounds given the desolate widow, on condition of her clearing out at once from her little homestead, and surrendering all, as it stood, to a new tenant, who became accountable for the arrear. Beggared as she was by the imprudence of her son, she still hesitated, perhaps weakly, to upbraid him with his old errors, to which the bitterness of despair was leading him back. His character had undergone a change, and a desperate one: and instead of making some exertion for the relief of his ruined mother, he was satisfied to sit brooding over his situation; particularly as it had been proved to him by some officious neighbour, that his successor in the farm had used underhand means to supplant him, so that his penury seemed to him less his fault than his misfortune. He thus became an easy prey to the designing Doyle, whose acquaintance had already been so ruinous to him. This man was foremost in some of the insurgent schemes which then agitated the country; and by the promise of revenge on his enemy, had little difficulty in alluring to his ranks the penniless and desperate Guinan. The ash-pole which, with other lumber, he had been permitted to remove to make a hut for his mother, was again called to work, in the character of a pike-handle. An early night was appointed by the others of the party to gratify the vengeance of their recruit; and with his own hand he fired the haggard which he had helped to raise. The proprietor rushed out to save his property, and paralyzed by fear, now stood motionless before Guinan. Doyle, the evil demon of the wretched young man, was beside him, as he gazed with a look of horrible, but undetermined, hate on him who begged his poor mother.

"Now, your sowl you," whispered Doyle, "what's your pike for?" and in another moment it was buried to the wood in the bosom of the intruder.

Such a fiendish outrage could not by any possibility be overlooked by the executive; and, accordingly, every exertion was made by it to discover the perpetrators. Some clue or other procured Doyle's apprehension, and on his confession he was admitted king's evidence against his deluded victim. It is painful to dwell on such a story; but before I conclude, I shall state what may give some pleasure to my readers. The poor heart-broken widow was spared even the ignominy of her darling's trial. Long before that, the kindness of her neighbours had soothed the death-bed, to which, with all his kindness of heart and good resolutions, he had brought her, by an imprudence and giddy weakness, of which we are many of us as guilty as poor Paul Guinan.

M.C.

Dublin: Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Guest, 91, Steelhouse-lane; in Glasgow, by John Macleod; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack,